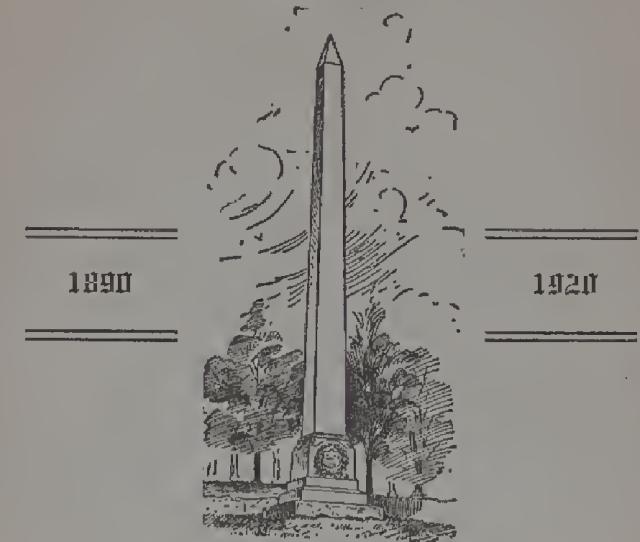


Personal Copy -

Confederate Veteran Camp
of
New York



Memorial Day Exercises

MOUNT HOPE CEMETERY
SUNDAY, MAY 30TH, 1920

By the courtesy of Lt.-Gen'l Robert Lee Bullard, U.S.A.
a detachment of the 22nd Infantry, U.S.A. were present
and fired the last volley and sounded taps after the
Graves were decorated with flowers.

Order of Exercises

ASSEMBLY CALL

INVOCATION - Rev. Nathan A. Seagle, D. D.

QUARTETTE

"How Firm a Foundation, Ye Saints of the Lord."

(Favorite Hymn of Gen'l Robert E. Lee.)

SALUTATION - Commander.

QUARTETTE

"When gathering Clouds around I view
And Days are dark and Friends are Few"

(A Favorite Hymn of 'Stonewall Jackson'.)

MEMORIAL ADDRESS Comrade Julian S. Levy.

QUARTETTE

"God be with you till we meet again."

BENEDICTION - Rev. Nathan A. Seagle, D. D.

SEVEN FOLD AMEN

DECORATION OF GRAVES - TAPS.

QUARTETTE

Mrs. Chandler Sloan, Soprano

Mrs. Jean Booth, Contralto

Mr. Manly Price Boone, Tenor

Mr. Harry J. Holbrook, Bass

LHD

789832

Dedicated to the CONFEDERATE VETERAN
CAMP of NEW YORK, for its
MEMORIAL SERVICES, Mount Hope
May 30th, 1920

BY

ELIZABETH ROBERTSON

AND READ BY REV. NATHAN A. SEAGLE D. D.

Let them KNOW—We are here in this hallowed place
With reverent hearts—where the tender grace
Of God's own chapel of cloud and sky
Shelters the spot we would sanctify.
We bring them today our love and tears
UNFORGETFUL of past years.

GOD REST THEM.

God grant they have found the Plains of Peace
Where the souls of our heroes find release,
In the spirit of Christ may they dream God's dream
Of Brotherhood—and a Love Supreme!
Where never a battle plaint shall stir!
And their Banners be white as their own souls were!

GOD BLESS THEM.

When the 'Grey Line' breaks on the last long mile
God grant them 'A Hail' and a cheery smile
And the clasp of a Comrade's hand—
In that far Land—beyond farthest star—
Where God's sainted Armies are!
In the brave front ranks—at His right hand.

GOD KEEP THEM.

SALUTATION BY THE COMMANDER

Again we come to bring the tribute that Beauty offers
to Valor, when Fair Daughters of the Southland will spread
a mantle of Bud and Blossom athwart these little mounds,
neath which now lie the mouldering bones of those who wore
the Gray: a mantle selected from the warp and woof of
God's own handiwork—a mantle of Flowers fashioned in
the loom of God's beneficent Providence.

Since we assembled here last year only one new
mound has been raised in this consecrated plot, beneath
which rests all that is mortal of Comrade R. WAYNE.
WILSON.

Here in God's Acre they are now at rest
For them no more the clarion call of strife,
When Honor called they bravely stood the test
Each pledging fealty and, if need be, Life.
True Patriots they, in Honor's cause they fought,
Nor made a claim for any sordid gain,
For conquest or for power never sought
But only that their rights they should maintain,
Their rights were threatened and by earnest plea
They vainly tried War's horrors to forfend,
Their pleas refused they marshalled under LEE,
Nor shirked the dangers Strife and Hate portend.
Bring Flowers then to deck their humble graves
Fit emblem of their lives, for as the Bloom
Charms with its beauty, still its odor saves
When dead, and greets us with its sweet perfume;
So Memory in our musing moods will bring
Back sweetest fragrance from this mouldy dust.
Till Time that flies on never resting wing
Will gather Life in Death's eternal trust.

MEMORIAL ADDRESS

BY

Comrade Julian S. Levy

I was one of the "Stonewall" Jackson's foot cavalry, and as the Old Guard were proud to exclaim: "I was with Napoleon at Austerlitz, at Jena, at Lodi," so are we proud to exclaim, "I was with Stonewall Jackson in the Valley."

Sympathy and sentiment, I consider two of the greatest attributes of the human race, for without them Life would be indeed a vast desert, without a single oasis to grace its surface.

"You may break, you may shatter, the vase as you will, but the scent of the Roses will hang around it still."

Our vase was broken, shattered 55 years ago, yet the sentiment for the cause still hovers o'er us. As we trudge along Life's Highway, the Brain becomes less tenacious, so I ask your indulgence—step lightly, for you tread on hollowed ground, ground made sacred by holding the immortal ashes of those who gave up everything they possessed, even Life itself, in the support and defense of those rights and principles they deemed just.

All hail to those Heroes who now sleep in peace and it is but just and fitting that we, their Comrades and friends dedicate this day in pure, Solemn Memoriam to them.

Their strife is over, their end has come; tired and weary they have crossed the river to rest in the shade of the trees, and if in their lives there ever was a flaw, I am certain that the great commander has erased all knowledge of it, by this Act of self sacrifice, wiped out by their hearts blood.

IN MEMORIAM

The sweetest, though most mournful words in the English Language, convey to the mind a kind remembrance of those dear friends who have gone to join the silent majority—when the South sent forth her Battle Cry, none

hesitated; mere youths were transformed into men, so eager were they to prove their Loyalty to their dear Native Land, and the dear Ladies vied with each other in their self imposed duties of love and devotion.

There were Heroines in those days who ranked equally with the Battle Scarred Heroes. All were ignorant of the Art of War, but they soon learned and well was the lesson mastered, as evidenced by our actions on the Bloody Fields of Virginia, Tennessee and Georgia. A Southern Orator, whom I have forgotten, once said, "The Southern Army was filled from the cradle and robberies from the grave", yet friends this composit, especially the so called one from the cradle, defeated the best and finest armies sent against it. Many a head was laid low, and many a vacant chair has stood, mute witness to its once dear occupant, and many a family yet mourns the absence of him who went forth, so young, yet so vigorous and brave to meet the Invaders of his dear native land.

When an uprising succeeds, it is called a revolution and when it fails, it is called a rebellion, we have no regrets, except that we lost, no apologies to make, and we ask pardon from none. Our cause was Just, as the after-verdict has proven, for the Doctrine of States Rights for which we fought, has been declared but right under the constitution of the United States, a part of the Federal Contract by the Highest Court. But we were unsuccessful and our efforts were in vain, often have the questions been asked, was the struggle worth it? Was the loss of our dearly beloved ones commensurate with the end thereof?

Over Half a Century has passed away and they are yet open questions—true, this cement of blood has tended to strengthen our great country, and with the Joyous Ring of no North, no South, no East, no West, but one grand indissoluble Republic, we can defy the world; we once so eager for its dissolution are now equally as steadfast in its promotion, and are proud of the position it occupies in the World.

IN MEMORIAM

We today, think of you dear comrades with whom, shoulder to shoulder we marched forth on the Battle Field, on the road, and in camp, and we remember many incidents of those four dark disastrous years. A soldier's Life is a risk, for 'tis not his own and he has no control over it, but think not, that we were not God fearing; reckless, and dare-devil as we might have been, the fear of God was ever before us; we had with us Ministers, and Priests, brave men of God, who were often under fire, in the ministration of their Holy and Sacred Duties, and whenever possible, we had service; our Church built not with human hands, extended indefinitely, the great dome of Heaven, our roof, and the wind rustling through the Majestic trees by which we were encircled, made music, natures music forming the sweetest and most awe inspiring choir far surpassing the grandest ever formed.

IN MEMORIAM

Comrades on this day, and every recurring one, we open our hearts to you, whose names are inscribed in our memories, and we think of the many brave deeds we have accomplished together. How often have we charged to the cannons mouth and how often have we stood the brunt of Battle with no thought of self.

We remember the camp fires, where oft fond recollections of those loved ones at home would come to us, and many the dreams we had of those dear faces so far away, which alas were never realized by you: perhaps in your last moments you saw them, which caused the smile on those lips closed forever.

On this last day but one of the month of May, in the glorious springtime, when all nature is aglow, we the survivors of that great four years struggle assemble to do Honor to our Departed Comrades, and to hold in Memory

dear to their names and their deeds. We are not asking Adulation, Acclamation nor insane Recognition, but we do think we should not be utterly ignored—with a few exceptions, we the Veteran survivors, of that contest, have passed the allotted time prescribed for mortals, three score years and ten, and we are approaching that goal from which, no traveller ever returns; but a few short years and there will be none left of that grand host that once stood as a stone wall between the enemy and our beloved country.

May we hope that when that time comes, this day will always be observed and fittingly Celebrated by our successors? and may the memory of the Boys in Gray always be kept Green?

"The Muffled Drum's sad roll has beat;
No more on Lifes Parade shall meet,
The Soldiers last Tatoo;
The Brave, and Daring few.
On fame's eternal camping ground
Their silent tents are spread
And Glory guards with solemn round,
The Bivouac of the Dead".

CLARENCE R. HATTON,

Adjutant

OFFICERS

WILLIAM S. KEILEY, COMMANDER

J. L. TAYLOR, LT. COMMANDER

CLARENCE R. HATTON, ADJUTANT

W. ROY MASON, PAYMASTER

REV. M. LUTHER CANUP, D. D., CHAPLAIN

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